

MAN ON THE CORNER.

The system belongs to the backwoods, and is too musty to be enjoyed by the right-thinking representatives of this progressive generation. It panders to a vanity that should be discouraged, and breeds a love of display that is little short of vulgar. If there are some who wish to flounce up a long aisle to show off a new automobile (bought at Hecht's on the installment plan) or let an envious sister get a front and back view of a Gainsborough picture-hat, the church ought not to lower its standard of propriety in order to secure the few pennies that such a course may gain. The best churches regard the offertory as a part of the religious service, and insist upon conducting it upon the same high plane of devotional solemnity and order that surrounds the prayers and sermon. The Man-on-the-Corner believes that the real givers prefer the basket system, and that the "paraders" will be brought to see the error of their ways when a brave, plain-spoken pastor sets his foot upon them good and hard and tells them to save their processional proclivities and millinery display, for the public highway.

Will H. Fossett has been accused of being a superior baritone, an excellent government clerk, a good family man and an all-round "good fellow," but his



MR. WILL H. FOSSETT.

most intimate friends didn't know until last Monday evening at St. Luke's that he was an orator and presiding officer. Mr. Jerome A. Johnson, the genial president of St. Luke's Musical Association was not feeling well, and after opening surprised us by yielding the chair to Mr. Fossett. The young man took hold like a veteran, and opening with a ringing speech, clear in enunciation and vigorous in volume he was soon traveling at a terrific pace into the mazes of the arias and recitatives of "The Prodigal Son." It fell to his lot to make a presentation of a bunch of music to Prof. J. Henry Lewis, and he fielded his rhetorical spheres with skill and dispatch. His peroration, closing the meeting, was an effective climax, and won the approval of everybody and Travis Glascoe. All things considered it was a great night for Fossett and the gifted young man may now prepare himself to be picked out by J. W. F. Smith as an orator in some school on Washington's next birthday.

Genial Phil Waters, of Charleston, W. Va., is a great orator—a sort of a Clay, Dolliver and Beveridge "mixed and seasoned to suit the taste," as our high-priced chef would remark. But we have found that unlike most latter day orators he cannot only talk, but can work like a Trojan when an emergency arises. Phil is liked by young and old out there in his mountain recesses and in the political field "men may come and men may go," but like Tennyson's historic Brook, he "goes on forever," and a convention at which he does not appear as a delegate would be as dull as the play of Hamlet with the melancholy Dane "blue-penciled." Phil is all right and business in these parts is practically suspended when he comes to town.

But, we were talking about Mr. Waters as a patron of real work—not as a controller of governments or as a reservoir of superheated atmosphere. The story of his latest achievement is graphically told in the following "Marconi-

gram," direct from Charleston-on-the-Kanawha:

"Charter Clerk Phil. Waters, assisted by the handsome recording clerk, David Thompson, in the Secretary of State's office, worked like beavers on Friday, the last day of the month and by quitting time were able to hand over to Chief Clerk McRea duplicate copies of the report of charters issued for the month of February, prepared in comprehensive and very excellent form. The report shows the number of charters to have been issued during the month of February to be as follows: Domestic corporations, 38; foreign corporations, 40. This is a slight gain over that of the same month last year and is regarded as a remarkable showing for the month of February which is usually a dull month in that line of work. Clerks Waters and Thompson deserve credit for their promptness in this matter."

The Man-on-the-Corner extends the "glad hand" to both of these gentlemen, and expresses the hope that the day will be far distant when the grand Commonwealth of West Virginia will think itself strong enough to wag along without their assistance.

Justice E. M. Hewlett is getting along nicely out at his Anacostia office and has enough to do to keep him from becoming lonesome. We know he misses the active, panoramic life on "dogberry row," an appellation that has for years been tacked on the D street lawyer's emporium. Mr. Hewlett is an old hand at dealing out justice, and needed no preliminary practice to get himself into working "form." He served under the previous code under every president since Cleveland's first turn at the bat. He is a graduate of Harvard Law School, and has appeared in several great national cases before the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Hewlett is a good reasoner and an orator of force and eloquence. He is known as one of the ablest lawyers in the land. He is popular with the ladies, despite the fact that he insists upon remaining a bachelor.

Women who are fortunate enough to have husbands like to be praised by them. As long as a man thinks the choice of his youth is as pretty, fair and delightful as upon the sunny day he led her to the altar, the honeymoon cannot be said to be at an end. This leads up to a conversation I heard the other evening in the rathskeller of a leading avenue hostelry. Three well-known gentlemen, after settling all the existing national issues and giving President Roosevelt's policies a shove to the "good," began talking about their respective wives—and ladies, would you believe it—they came dangerously near falling out over the question as to which had the best wife in the world—each stoutly maintaining to the last that his own dear girl at home was the very sweetest and best that ever happened—"Jack" Ryan preserved the peace by "ordering 'em up." Those ladies looked supremely happy when the incident leaked out and they forgave their spouses for having stayed in the rathskeller for two solid hours, and missing the dinner they had prepared. MORAL: If you want to "get by" at home, praise your wife, and let her hear of it through a third party.

The devotees of the festive "growler" are a-growing. By order of the saloon keepers' association—or something or other that runs the liquor business—the aforesaid "growler" now refuses to growl for less than ten cents a clip. There was no profit, they say, in selling five cents worth in a bucket or can of the fluid which informed the people that Milwaukee was on the map. We indorse the action, for a quart is little enough to buy when a party is to be honored with a "treat," and more than that, fewer trips are necessary when a goodly quantity is brought in at the outset. If you have lived in a "growler" neighborhood and watched the long line of men, women and children navigating in a continuous stream all day toward some Irishman's corner barroom, you would be willing to insist that, if they must "chase the duck," they should be compelled to get hold of a sufficient quantity to hold them for a considerable while. The ten cent "growler" is at least an improvement upon the five cent "growler." We grant that from a discussion of schools and churches to a disquisition upon a liquor topic is a far cry, but we told you at the beginning that the Man-on-the-Corner is a versatile individual,

and is apt to talk about everything and everybody, in season and out of season.

Speaking of schools and education, we are reminded of the deep impression made upon the Man-on-the-Corner by Miss Marion P. Shadd, during a recent visit to the Lincoln School, where she is serving with so much credit as principal. We do not go to school often, and of course were not prepared to see children so orderly, bright-eyed, burning with internal fires of ambition and so obedient to authority, as our recollections of school life were chiefly made up by pictures of a stern-faced teacher, a big leather strap, unruly youngsters, out-of-date text-books, and a rickety outfit of desks that had been given to colored people to save them from the kindling wood pile. Miss Shadd is fond of children, and from the tot to the budding men and women, she controlled all by the gentle rod of love and tender sympathy. She permits them to romp strenuously at romping time, for these are "real children" and she does not believe in forcing old heads upon young shoulders too soon, but when the bell taps, and the sprightly music from the piano suggests a march to the rooms, her presence and glance of warning are sufficient to bring perfect order out of chaos. Miss Shadd's competence as a cultivator of the youthful mind greatly enhanced our race pride while there, just as her charming social graces have captivated us when enjoying the hospitalities so cordially dispensed at her beautiful home in Fourteenth street. This will certainly set Lincoln's erudite principal to guessing the identity of

THE MAN-ON-THE-CORNER.

Obituary

Mrs. Elizabeth Grant, mother of Prof. B. F. Allen late of Lincoln Institute Jefferson City Mo. but now a member of the faculty of the Georgia State Industrial College, College, Ga., died on the 7th of last month at her home in Savannah, Ga. She was born in that city and was a member of the A. M. E. Church, was a devoted mother and a consistent Christian and a highly honored and respected citizen. Miscellaneous papers please copy.

Twenty-second Anniversary

The William Andrew Freeman Lodge No 2099 G. U. O. of O. F., celebrated its twenty-second anniversary by giving a banquet and reception at its hall on M street northwest Monday evening of last week. The members were assisted by the ladies of Queen Victoria Home of Ruth, No. 1711. Music was furnished by the Monumental Orchestra, and dancing was indulged in until the early morning hours.

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